

› Brown Eyes

[Verse 1: Paris]

Under seventeen was when her body started impressin'
Been under scrutiny from dudes since early adolescence
Understood the game, understood just how to play it
She understood underprivileged was overrated
Always under pressure, 'cause her face was unforgiving
Underage, but her body done seen hella living
With attention undivided, she had understanding
That underneath it all the money was what really mattered
And her mentality was, "F**k it man, I gotta have it"
Had seen her mother struggle underwater with finances
With no father, unsupervised, she learned to manage
Undeterred, she would serve 'em till it hurt from damage
Under-educated, but she knew enough to know
The golden rule is that you rule if you control the gold
And her cat was golden, so she understood her role
Kept the money foldin', on the under, never told

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh
Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes
Girl you know we need you, that's no lie
Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

[Verse 2: Paris]

By her early twenties she was under the illusion
Men would always spend whenever sex was introduced
Used to playin' games under covers, under wraps
Under the misconception sex would always bring the snaps
Unpredictable, her lifestyle was hella shady
Tryin' to trap a baller, get him whupped and have his baby
Under the influence, underweight and hella skinny
Loud-talking out in public like that sh*t was pretty
Under-educated, never knew what she was missin'
Didn't understand the fact she didn't have to pimp the kitten
'Til a real pimp came along and got her twisted
And put the hanger on that a**, cold and unforgiving
"B*t*h, stay down, lay down and get my bread"
'Fore he put the smack down that was all he said
All she wanted was to be like Kim Kardashian

Funny how that works, on the mattress, back again

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

You see, uh

Lovely, lovely, lovely Brown Eyes

Girl you know we need you, that's no lie

Brothers when you see 'em, hold 'em high

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

Free, free, free, free, free

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off- let me off

I wish pops let me off on the mattress

I wish pops let me off-

Free, free, free

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh

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[Verse 3: Paris]

Under the circ*stances, twenty-eight seemed like a blessing

Tried to undergo a transformation to escape

Went underground for awhile, stayed undetected

But it was understaffed at the shelter and she left it

Took her chances though they all told her to be cautious

She was unconcerned, their alarm was met with nonchalance

Called the undertaker, cause they found her unresponsive

In her underwear underneath a parking structure

It was too late to understand what could've saved her

Underestimate these streets and end up under daisies

So much untapped potential underneath the surface

In the end, gotta ask, "Was it really worth it?"

So sad, she was caught up in the undertow

Never really knowing, never had a chance to really grow

All alone, just a full grown little girl

In the underbelly of the hellish underworld

[Hook: Claytoven Richardson]

See uh

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